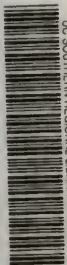


PR
6000
N6I3

A
0
0
0
4
9
3
0
6
2
4



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

In Idle Moments
Nona



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/inidlemoments00nonaiala>

To my friend Marie Sargeant
with the Compliments
of the Author

May 20th 1915

IN IDLE MOMENTS

IN IDLE MOMENTS

By
NONA

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1912

PR

6000

N6 I3

TO
MY WIFE

977245

IN IDLE MOMENTS

FOND memory will span great space
And bring to mind an absent face.
Though far away my footsteps roam
My thoughts remain with one at home.
She stands revealed a vision clear,
Though worlds apart, she brings me cheer.

HAST thou seen, my Thisbe dearest,
The red breaking of the dawn,
And the darkness slowly yielding
To the onset of the morn,
Seen Aurora from the Ocean
Bringing forth the light of day,
And the dewdrops from her fingers
Fall like diamonds on the way,
Seen her kiss the sleeping flowerets,
Fill them with a joy divine,
Fill them with an untold rapture
That at death they'd not repine ?
Hast thou seen her, Celestial beauty ?
Then the mystery is no more !
I a floweret, thou Aurora—
Heavenly Goddess, I adore.

O CHLOÉ! how my heart does ache,
My soul is filled with thee,
I may not dream, I may not wake—
Thy spirit is before me.
Oh, free me from my pain.
Tell me I may love thee,
Tell me I may see thee soon again
Or I shall die, believe me.

WHEN I see thee, Frances !
And upon me rest thy glances,
Nameless what I feel !
My spirit captured,
My soul enraptured,
At thy shrine I kneel.

There light ethereal
And life empyreal
In thy presence beam ;
There love eternal
With joy supernal
Round thy vision gleam.

Oh ! I love thee,
Who above me
In effulgence bright,
Thy charms revealing,
To me, kneeling,
Wieldest indulgent might.

In mad elation,
Wild adoration,
 At thy feet I fall.
There I praise thee,
Ne'er would raise me,
 So am held in thrall!

FAREWELL!
Shattered are all my hopes!
My bosom mourns,
My soul in darkness gropes.
Farewell!

Farewell!
My fate is cast,
And breaks my heart
At this—my last
Farewell!

Farewell!
With ceaseless tears
My spirit seeks
Celestial spheres.
Farewell!

Farewell!
Perchance in realms above
We'll meet once more.
My angel! Oh! my love,
Farewell!

I WOULD I could reach to Heaven,
And from end to end of space
‘I love thee, I adore thee!’
Write on its azure face.

The fear that my love is doubted,
The dread that I love in vain,
Rends my breast with anguish—
My heart with ceaseless pain.

My thoughts are ever with thee,
They dwell upon that kiss
That filled my heart with rapture,
That swelled my soul with bliss!

But oh! when thou art absent,
Just that, that made me glow
Full of a speechless gladness,
Fills my soul with woe.

For my thoughts turn ever to thee,
And my being's current flows
Ever to that union
That untold pleasure knows.

Yes, ecstasy celestial
Hangs upon thy lips,
And mad intoxication
Comes to him who sips.

In dreams I cannot banish
Thy form of heavenly grace,
The vision ever haunts me
Of thy sweet angelic face,

Of thine eyes as soft and tender
As of a young gazelle,
That, full of love's devotion,
Upon my pathway fell ;

That lit up a long broad future,
Which together we would tread,
One thought, one heart, one soul
Till both of us were dead.

But woe when sleep forsakes me
And I realise once more
That lone and drear I wander—
That Hope is all my store—

That I may live lamenting
That fate did ever guide
Within thy fatal circle
My steps unto thy side !

Then to the world a last adieu !
A prey unto an unquenched fire
My being's current flows to thee,
My thoughts to thee, and I expire.

ON PRESENTING A MEMORANDUM
TABLET

WHEN, Lady, in a distant land
New friends do greet on every hand,
When from the tablet of your mind
My name nigh faded you may find,
I pray you to this Tablet turn,
And on its leaves your friend discern.
Ah ! believe that though no longer near,
His spirit dwelleth in this souvenir.

I AM exiled, my darling, I am banished
from thee,

But my thoughts, O my dear one, my
thoughts are still free.

Though the chasms between us sink dark,
broad and deep,

My spirit, my darling, that void shall leap,

My heart, O my dearest, is like to the sea,
In its depths you are hidden where'er you may
be.

Though the will of another bid you know me
no more,

Can the will of another bring you back to the
shore ?

If you think thus at once a day-dream can
cease—

Can mere absence restore to Hero her peace ?—

Then pity Leander her ever had known,
To be dashed on the rocks with the dark
waters' foam.

As for me, my own darling, a wrench to the
heart

Is to think we must live thus for ever apart.

Oh, forget the rash words that led to this fate

And bid me return ere it shall be too late.

THE lips no longer seem dumb,
And language provides the fit word,
When the heart speaks, dearest,
rhymes come,
And a prayer to the Muse is heard.

Though the sky be one dark rain cloud,
And the storm be at its height,
What's the odds—when a heart beats loud,
In the clouds it sees some light.

And if it knows another heart beats
In rhythm with its own,
Let thunder mingle with lightning sheets,
Or winds, then, in darkness moan,

Let rain beat aloud above,
Let storm in fury roar,
The concord of two hearts that love
Brings music and light evermore.

I BURN, my love,—am filled with fire,
With poet's flame and all that's kin.
Who could not sing when you inspire,
Howe'er unskilled his pen had been.
Though leagues away and mounts between,
Magnetic currents fill the space
And bear your presence to the scene
Where beams, once more, your smiling face.
I burn, indeed, alas! Ah me!
Your being's as the radiant sun;
It sheds its light that we may see—
But other work its rays have done.
Believe, upon my heart they fall,
Forsooth they will it soon consume.
'Tis they that hold my soul in thrall,
Oh, still, my heart, what better doom?

WHEN, Lady, in a distant land
Familiar faces I shall meet,
And feel the pressure of the hand
That again with fondness ~~We~~ we may greet,
Think not that you I shall forget
Whose kindness makes my heart aglow,
Yea, makes me doubt 'twere well we met
When absence means such pain to know.

'Tis not the friends we've held for years
That make us feel we must rebel
When—filled the eyes with starting tears—
The hour comes to say farewell ;
But, gifted with magnetic power
That reason blinds, that bends the will,
'Tis they who, in a single hour,
In chains us bind—with love us fill.

PERHAPS, my darling, when we are old,
And the tales of our youth are tales oft
told—

Or perhaps, dear child, in a far briefer time,
Perhaps ere your youth has yielded to prime—
Perhaps ere the bud to a blossom may bloom,
To be forgotten shall alas be my doom ;
Let then these lines call to mind once again
The past with its pleasure, the past with its
pain.

May you feel once again the friendship of yore,
And the changes Time works, as I do, deplore.

I HEARD the wild waves moaning farewell,
And I thought they murmured 'For ever.'
And the grief of my heart words could not
tell
As I felt cruel fate us must sever.

Oh! let me still think, tho' ne'er again we
should meet,
That in memory I shall ever be with thee.
My heart is now thine, and its throbbings
repeat,
'I love thee! for ever I love thee!'

O H, who can tell how long the night may
seem
When racked with doubt one finds
no rest !

Oh, who can know how bitter is the dream
Which flits across the eyelids' crest !

I feel, alas, my friendship held for naught,
And longer suffering all in vain ;
I see my darling's future fraught
With anguish, torture, endless pain !

The end must come—I feel it now ;
My wounded heart can bear no more !
A last farewell as, darling, thou
I sunder from its bleeding core.

I think of the days now lost to me—
My path was hid with rose and clover—
I think of the woe that waits for thee,
And tears flow fast—my heart runs over !

LONGING, longing, while time is speed-
ing—
Waiting, waiting, till the heart is
bleeding—

Silence dread my spirit crushes,
Oh, that there came but a single word !
My love with the flowing golden tresses,
Know you not how this void presses !
This void unbroken life nigh hushes,
That only wakes when your voice is heard.

Dreaming, dreaming, through eternal spaces,
Tortured for ever by mocking faces,
My searching gaze can find no rest—
My longing arms reach out in vain.
My life ! My love ! My soul's desire !
My panting breath as I expire
Shall bear to thee my love confessed,
And whisper my passion and pain.

IN THE ENGADINE

THE waters break and, white as snow,
Over the stones and rocks they flow.
They flow with force fiercely strong,
And in wild tumult tumble along.

From heights in the clouds they downward
dash,

They spring and leap as under the lash,
With every step they gather power,
And man in their ~~power~~ *path* they oft devour.

Our hearts are as the mountain streams,
They burst in torrents beyond our dreams,
Ruin stalks often in their wake,
Yet we brave all for Love's sake.

I HAVE sought you, I have sought you,
On the boundless western plain ;
I have sought you, I have sought you,
In remembrance once again.
Alas ! I saw you. Alas ! I saw you,
And my heart within me sank,
For I saw you, for I saw you
On the river's farther bank.

I have missed you, I have missed you,
The days seemed without end.
Sorely missed you, sorely missed you,
The nights my heart did rend.
Will you listen ? Will you listen ?
When I whisper with warm breath,
' Listen, Dearest, Dearest, listen,
I shall love you unto death.'

LET me gaze in your deep black eyes
Until I kindle them into flame ;
Let me mingle with yours my sighs
And know ecstasy without name.

Let me press you to my heart
As your being quakes with spasms ;
Your soul of mine shall be a part
And love shall bridge all chasms.

AT break of dawn awake I lay,
And thought of a ship that is plough-
ing the main,
I thought of my darling now far away,
And I wondered when I would see her again.

Oh ! cruel are the decrees of fate;
When they thus true lovers do part !
Oh ! why do they thus us separate—
For surely 'twill break my heart.

IF in these hours so few
You have learned to call me 'Will'
If we each other better knew,
Would that name answer still?

I shall, I am sure, before we part
Find for you another dearer;
I'll call thee my own Sweetheart,
I cannot find a tie that's nearer.

GENTLE maiden, why so coy?
Why take my plea amiss?
You can give me untold joy,
Granting me a parting kiss.

A loving word need not be spoken—
With eyelids downward cast,
The lips can give a silent token
That the heart is beating fast.

I THINK, dear Lady, of the golden hair,
Of the sweet blue eyes and cheek so fair,
That thou art filled with winning charms.
Thy form ! Who would it not admire,
Who would not rage with maddening fire,
Who would not hold you in his arms,
Who would not give a burning kiss,
Who would not prize this crowning bliss,
Who were not set in flame ?
If to offend I did not fear
I should hold you very near
And dream of pleasures without name.

SOLOMON and Sheba's Queen
Happy moons together spent,
'No greater King was ever seen,'
Said she as home she sadly went.

To her the King had lost his heart
And at her leaving he felt poor,
With other wealth he well could part,
But not with her—his Kohinoor.

In this world but once they met,
But romance their love has not forgot,
Nor will till comes the last sunset,
For Darkness dwells where their love is not.

IN the Convent close,
Guarded by elves and sprites,
A pure and stately lily grows
And her sister flowers delights.

Erect with dignity and pride,
Arrayed by Nature's law,
There is naught that she would hide,
She stands without a flaw.

Is there a budding maid
Who needs fear not the light of the sun ?
With raiment all to one side laid ?
Darling, I do know one.

IF ever you dwelt in Granada,
You know the Gipsy Queen,
She has dimpled cheeks and ruby lips
And pearl-white teeth between.

She stands as straight as an arrow
And walks with an air serene,
And a deep red rose in her jet black hair,
Wears the Gipsy Queen.

Your willing hand rests in hers,
Her searching eye scans your palm,
In musical notes of a mellow voice
She foretells you good or harm.

If ever you dwelt in Granada,
You know the Gipsy Queen,
She divined your past and future
And cast you her glances, I ween.

A NNA, 'sweet one,' mortal divine,
Your blue eyes haunt me every hour ;
Would that I could call you mine
And kisses on your eyelids shower.

Would I could seal your ruby lips
With mine with ardent pressure ;
The bee the blossom's nectar sips,
Yours would I drink without measure.

What pleasure flows from a 'sweet one's' kiss,
Oh, will you not bestow it ?
Will you not give this nameless bliss ?
Gladly I would die to know it.

WHEN in your soft grey eyes I gaze
And listen to your song
I think I live in summer days
When the sun is shining long.

But when your eyelids shut from view
Those orbs which wield such might,
To life I bid a last adieu,
For all around seems night.

LET me print on your fairy hand
Warm kisses of love and devotion,
Better far than a kiss on those lips
Which would fill with fateful emotion.

Think not I love thee a tithe the less
Because my being does not tremble.
Swift flow the currents 'neath the surface still ;
This calm, Love, I only dissemble.

LET me read in your eyes
When I come not you'll mourn,
You'll sigh for my sighs
On the light breezes borne.

Let me read in your face
That when I am far,
Through the ether of space
Love will shine like a star.

Then the days we're apart
Will be softer for me,
And full be my heart
For ever of thee.

‘**D**O you love me?’ ‘Indeed I do.’
The words are simple—scarcely new,
And yet they may, however old,
Seem quite fresh by the way they are told.

I love *you*, dearest, believe I do,
With a love so deep, a love so true,
That my heart would surely break in twain
Were we never to kiss nor meet again.

WHY does my heart ache with pain ?
Why heaves my breast with sighs ?
Because thee I may ne'er meet again,
To gaze in those soft black eyes.

An arrow does not pierce as deep
As the dart that from them flies :
The barb my heart shall ever keep.
Oh, lovely but cruel eyes.

YOU have surely seen
The willows o'er the river lean,
They drop a tear from every leaf,
Their hearts are filled with poignant grief ;

They see the waters beneath them flow,
And laughing nymphs swim deep below,
For their love they weep and pine ;
It is thus with me, darling mine.

O MUSE divine, obey my call,
Aid me to tell my hopeless love
For her who holds me now in thrall,
'Inez,' Angel, pure white dove.

Would I could give thee a long embrace,
That I might thy form caress,
With kisses cover thy blushing face
And thy heart to mine for ever press.

THOUGH on thee my eyes were rarely
cast
Think not my thoughts were free.
When you were near no moment passed
My thoughts were not on thee.

I feared the fatal power thou hast
To make another's heart bleed ;
For e'en tho' life were ebbing fast
You would exult, perchance, in your deed.

I WEARY of the women I have met ;
They have no souls, their words are empty
sounds,
Mere compliments in terms both cut and set
That go from mouth to mouth their daily
rounds.

‘I am so glad,’ or ‘I am charmed,’
Then I am left to fill the gap,
And that I do, in truth, alarmed
If I don’t talk she’ll take a nap.

I hate their speeches learned by rote,
Their smiles are but a cruel snare,
Their hearts are tuned to one keynote
Comme il faut in Vanity Fair.

I long for the glad causerie
That vaunted of charms of France ;
Here, alas, is but the ennui,
And time is killed with a dance.

You alone, my love, my muse,
Can redeem the name of your sex.
I would your wit and wisdom choose,
But woe's me, your liege lord objects.

MY ANSWER

THE feelings your verses to me have
revealed
Surely remove every doubt
That a contract between us must quickly be
sealed,
I cannot live longer without.

And when sealed it shall be,
Can it be done with a wafer?
No! This seal none must see,
Dear! I'll warrant it's safer.

Between these lines can you read—
My own dear Sweetheart—
And the thought of the deed,
Does it give you a start?

I am sure you're no prude,
And, if committed the theft,
You would not think me rude
Nor of senses bereft.

If you smile while you read this
You will give me my cue,
I'll snatch from you true bliss,
And for ever love you.

IN the Garden of Eden
There once lived a pair—
A naïve young couple—
The Lord placed them there.

They had strict orders
About *fruit defendu*,
But they grew very tired,
Wished to taste something new.

So a wily old serpent
Climbed up a tree,
Saying, 'If you want to know something
Just listen to me.

'Of this fruit take a bite,
You'll never repent it—
You'll know the wrong from the right,
It's a good chance that sent it.'

The couple they ate it—
And now they don't tell
All they know about living,
It would not be well !

I WANTED to buy an automobile
So I studied all the *marques*.
I questioned about the powers a deal,
I would not buy one in the dark.

I asked my wife to advise with me
When I thought I had found a winner,
She said she would go and see
And let me know at dinner.

She sent her maid with a hat
With plume a full foot high,
And when she found the roof cleared that,
That car she let me buy.

ACT I

SCENE I

A YOUNG man with good looks,
So it is said,
With some knowledge of books,
That is, well read,
Falls deeply in love
With a lady of means
And makes her the idol
Of his daydreams.

SCENE II

But the young man is poor,
That is, hasn't much ;
He works, to be sure,
And is well paid for such.
But as the world goes
'Twould be very rash
For him to propose
To a lady with cash.

SCENE III

So he sighs and he pines,
His feelings conceals,
And the state of his mind
He never reveals.

ACT II

SCENE I

Now another young man,
(As you'll understand
Direct from the Stock Exchange),
Lays siege to her hand,
And what may seem strange,
That, be he in love,
He hasn't more change
Than the young man above.

SCENE II

But, coolness itself,
Without any fear
The wish of his heart
He breathes in her ear.

SCENE III (*slow music*)

She hangs down her head.

[*The Curtain falls.*

You may think it absurd,

But what is then said

Is not overheard.

THO' I come to frigid climes,
My heart is all aglow ;
And listening to the wedding chimes
My rhythmic words must flow.

The hero of a polo fight,
At last has won Louisa.
She scorned the ordinary knight,
Whose wooing only teased her.

It was not with a lance in rest
That finally he won her :
But playing polo at his best
In Southern California.

Louisa, whom we all adore,
Is lost, alas ! beyond recall.
She cannot love us any more,
For Francis surely claims it all.

Who will venture him to blame
When he fought the fight and won.
Would you and I not do the same?
Indeed, I think it's always done.

Little help us will our tears,
In such an hour they must annoy.
See that our envy disappears,
And quickly wish them every joy.

THE BERG

HE comes from the frozen North,
And death is in his heart ;
Woe to the mariners brave
Who from wife and child must part.

On a calm and peaceful night,
With the stars shining above,
They utter their last prayer
As they part from those they love.

Oh, cold and cruel fate,
That naught these men can save !
And the Berg makes widows and orphans,
As they sink to their watery grave.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

PR
6000 Nona -
N6I3 In idle moments.

UC Southern Regional Library Facility



A 000 493 062 4

PR
6000
N6I3

